

THE LIBERATOR:
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,
AT THE ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE, NO. 25 CORNHILL.
Henry W. Williams, General Agent:
To whom all communications are to be made, and
to whom all contributions, relating to the pecuniary concerns
of the office, should be sent.

IRELAND.
From the Dublin Freeman's Journal.
Hibernian Anti-Slavery Society.
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AGENTS.
Maine.—Jas. Clarke, Bangor;—Edward Southwick,
Augusta;—A. Soule, Bath.
New-Hampshire.—Davis Smith, Plymouth;—
P. Rogers, Concord;—William Wilbur, Dover;—
Leonard Chase, Milford.
Vermont.—John Bennett, Woodstock;—Rowland
T. Robinson, North Ferrisburgh.
Massachusetts.—Wm. L. Kimball, Topsfield;—
Moses Emery, West Newbury;—C. Whipple, Newbury-
port;—Isaac Stearns, Mansfield;—Luther Boutell,
Groton;—B. F. Newhall, Saugus;—W. Wilder, Fitch-
burg;—J. T. Everett, Framingham;—J. Church, Spring-
field;—W. S. B. Ives, Salem;—Henry Hammond,
Dorchester;—Daniel G. Holmes, Lowell;—Josiah V. Mar-
shall, Dorchester;—Richard C. French, Fall River;—
J. B. Southwick, New Bedford;—Wm. H. Henshaw,
Haverhill;—Isaac A. Smith, Nantucket;—
Elias Richards, Hingham;—Edward Earle, Wren-
tham;—Wm. C. Stone, Wrentham;—A. B. Chase, Cen-
terville;—Isaac Perkins, Lynn;—E. Bird, Taunton.
[For a continuation of this list, see the last
page, last column.]

J. HENRY VERRINTON, Printer.
WHOLE NO. 547.

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THE LIBERATOR.

BOSTON:

FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 25, 1841.

Mr. Collins.

Contrary to his expectations, our active conductor, J. A. Collins, was not able to return in the Columbia, in consequence of the position of the anti-slavery question on the other side of the Atlantic; but he is now probably on his way home, as a letter from Dublin of the 24th inst. informs us he proposed to leave in the Liverpool steamer of the 15th inst. Boston. At the time he wrote, expressing the belief that he should leave on the 4th instant, he had not visited any part of Ireland, nor could he foresee what might transpire to prolong his mission abroad—a mission that has required all the energy and activity he could exert, and to the right performance of which he has devoted himself with the most praiseworthy assiduity. We knew too well the quality of British abolitionism, in the mass, to suppose that, as the representative of the radical abolitionists of the United States, he would obtain much pecuniary aid, or find many warm supporters. He has succeeded quite as well as we anticipated—indeed, better. The fruits of his labors are not to be demanded of the present, but of the future—and a future not very remote. He has been busy sowing the good seed of principle; and though some of it has fallen by the way-side, and some of it on stony-places, and some of it among thorns, yet a portion has fallen into good ground that will yield thirty, sixty, and even a hundred fold. 'Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and the latter rain.'

Mr. Collins had visited Dublin, and met with such a reception from the small but large-hearted band of abolitionists in that city as none but Irishmen can give. We can never think of the kindness, the moral worth, the virtuous intemperance of Richard Allen, Richard D. Webb, James Haughton, and their good and gallant associates, without having our eyes suffused with tears of gratitude, and the strongest feelings of admiration excited in our bosom. They are among those, of whom the world is not worthy—the benefactors of mankind. None love Ireland better than they, but none can love the whole world more. To them, in truth, the human race constitute but one brotherhood—one family. They trample under foot all selfish national rivalries; their humanity is not bounded by geographical lines; their christianity breathes peace on earth, and good will to man. These have given to Mr. Collins the right hand of fellowship; and it is worth a trip across the Atlantic, even in mid-winter, to enjoy their society and be refreshed by their presence.

The Dublin papers give an account of a public meeting which had been held in that city at the Royal Exchange, in behalf of the mission of Mr. Collins—James Haughton in the chair. Soon after his arrival, however, Mr. Collins was unexpectedly called to return to Glasgow, to take part in the discussion which had grown out of his visit to that city. This had interfered with his previous arrangements. In a long and interesting epistle from Richard D. Webb, dated 20th of 5th mo. 1841, the writer says—

'J. A. Collins left us two days since, on his return to Glasgow, after spending about a week here, very much to our satisfaction, though not to any great pecuniary profit. He is gone to Glasgow again, in order to take some further part in the 'battle royal,' which his presence has called forth in the midst of Glasgow anti-slavery. Rogers's estimate of British abolitionism, in the mass, is the right one; and, therefore, none need wonder that it cannot withstand the power of the clergy, or burst through the trammels of sect. I heard Rogers of Collins being rash and intemperate, before I saw him. Since I have conversed with him, he appears to me to be honest and straightforward. His mode of procedure may not be the best for the collection of golden opinions, or for the lighting of pures; but it is not better for the eventual success of your cause, and the progress of truth, that the true principles of liberty and moral independence should be accepted by a few who are willing to receive them, than that you should receive temporary assistance from rich men, who would reject you with scorn and hatred, if they were conscious of the soul-exalting tendency of your large-hearted philanthropy?'

Mr. Collins returned to Dublin on the 24th instant. He had suffered from a short but severe attack of illness, but was convalescent. We trust he will be here by the termination of the present month; for, useful as he has been in England, and desirable as it is that all the professed abolitionists of the 'mother country' should be fully enlightened as to the merits of his division in the anti-slavery ranks in this country, his presence is much needed at home; and in the present exigencies of our cause, there is not time for us to do much abroad. America needs first to be converted, and England will then, peradventure, walk in the light of her example.

As we expected, the spirit of sectarian persecution, *alias* new organization, begins to be manifested across the waters towards the few faithful abolitionists in the Friends' Society. One of our esteemed correspondents, a member of that Society, in a letter received by the Columbia, says—

'We are beginning to be looked on as no better than we should be—as people who go out of their sphere, who waste their sympathies on extraneous objects—as meddling with edged tools—as children playing with the fire! We have as abundant, as intolerant materials for new organization and its phantasmal spirit here, as you have there. So, if a fellowship in difficulty be any comfort to thee, as it is to most others, be comforted.'

Alluding to the success of new organization among English Quaker anti-slavery, the writer justly remarks—

'It is beyond measure ridiculous to think of the followers of George Fox, the testimony bearer against war, and in favor of male and female being all one in Christ, being so completely debased by the clergy, as Friends, both here and with you, have been in this matter. This could not be, if the tenure of their professed principles had any foundation in common sense and hearty conviction, instead of mere parrot learning and traditional assent. The fact is, we are a thoroughly priest-ridden people—our subjection differs only in degree from the domination of popery; and I hardly see how a man can adhere to any sect, without the surrender of his right of private judgment and moral independence. 'The body' is only another name for 'the pope'—and, whatever the professed difference may be, there is no attempt to disguise the fact in practice. Convictions of this sort have been thickening upon me, and upon others of my friends here, since the London Convention, where the spirit of dictation and bigotry was strong enough to open many eyes as well as ours—helped as we have been by able exponents of the true principles of liberty as theyself and Rogers—men who don't look at the truth through other people's spectacles.'

Corrupt and priest-ridden as are the various sects in this country, there cannot be a doubt that religious matters are in a much worse condition in England; and, therefore, they who shall venture to follow truth through an ordeal more trying than any we have been called to encounter. May they be strengthened from on high, and enabled to overcome that fear of man which brings a snare, and in the end destruction. Our friends agree.

'It is enough to make one's heart sick to think of the object, priest-ridden state of mind, that makes people afraid to do anything in a spirit of faith and independence. There is little, indeed, of the spirit of George Fox amongst his followers now surviving. Oh that we may be able to hope, hope ever!'

To show how 'coming events' are 'casting their shadows before,' and that spiritual despotism is beginning to work, in view of the fidelity of those who will not bow down the knee to the Bait of Sect, the writer says—

'I was called on lately, and with—was lectured by a 'public friend' on account of the danger we incurred by being connected in the anti-slavery cause with Elizabeth Pease, (!) non-resistants, and people who advocate women's rights (!) Those want not named; but William Bassett's disavowment was referred to as an awful warning (!) of the probable consequences from meddling with such matters. This was all communicated in a spirit and tone of great kindness; but I am not aware that it produced any impression upon any of the audience.'

The disavowment of William Bassett is certainly 'an awful warning,' not to those who are determined to be the Lord's freemen, (for to them it is a matter of rejoicing,) but to the body which can commit so unrighteous an act. The character of William Bassett is above reproach; and in his walk and conversation, he exhibits the power and the beauty of Christianity. His principles are based upon 'the glorious gospel of the blessed God,' and it is his delight to carry out in practice what he holds in theory. He has been dealt with most unjustly by the Society with which he was connected; and disowned, as a matter of fact, not for having departed one hair's breadth from primitive Quakerism, but for faithfully living up to it, and for exposing the rottenness of those who are mere flesh and blood Quakers, and who, while they profess to revere the memories of Fox, Penn and Barclay, as the crucifiers of Jesus did the memories of the prophets, are ready to heap odium and insult on those who are animated by the spirit of those glorious reformers.

Another Gag Law!

The right of petition has been again closed down in Congress, and the new administration has limited the despotic power of the old. After a long and fiery discussion in the House of Representatives, (almost wholly conducted by southern slave-masters,) in relation to anti-slavery petitions, and after the presentation and rejection of various propositions on the subject, the following rule, as reported by the Committee on Saturday, 12th ultimo, was adopted, by a small majority:

'Upon the presentation of petitions and other papers on subjects not specially referred to the consideration of the House in the message of the President, the House shall be considered only in force during the session of the present session, objection to the reception shall be considered as made, and the question of reception shall be laid upon the table. This rule shall be considered only in force during the present session. Petitions and other papers for or against a bankrupt law to be excepted from the operation of this rule.'

The action of all committees on all subjects not specially referred to the consideration of the House in the message of the President shall be suspended during the present session; this suspension not to apply to business before the Committee of Elections, of Ways and Means, on Accounts, and on Mileage, nor, if the House shall so determine, to the subject of a general bankrupt law.

By this rule, it will be seen, not only are anti-slavery petitions denied a hearing, but petitions on all other subjects, (excepting a national bankrupt law,) to which no reference happens to be found in the President's Message, are also placed under the same despotic ban. This is a longer stride of the slaveholding power than has yet been witnessed in relation to this matter; and how the people will submit to it remains to be seen. The act is as unconstitutional as in the sequel it will be impotent.

On Wednesday of last week, the House was organized by the adoption of the following proposition of Mr. Stuart, of Virginia,—Ayes 119, Nays 103.

Resolved, That all the rules and orders of the last House of Representatives, not superseded by any rule or resolution adopted at the present session and now in force, be and the same are hereby adopted for the regulation of this House at the present session. And that a Select Committee be appointed to receive and enter the rules hereby adopted, and that they have leave to report at all times.

AGRICULTURE. We have read with pleasure the Address delivered before the American Institute, in New-York, April 14, 1841, by Henry Colman, Commissioner for the Agricultural Survey of Massachusetts. It has been published by request of the Institute, and will serve to aid that most important branch of national industry, the Agriculture of the United States. It contains many good suggestions and valuable facts, expressed in an elegant yet familiar style. Mr. Colman writes as if his heart were in his work, and exhibits that sincere and chaste enthusiasm in all his agricultural addresses, without which no impression can be made upon the public mind. We observe that this Address is inscribed to Daniel Webster, as 'a firm friend of national industry.' This compliment is certainly unwarranted. Daniel Webster is a mere tool of southern slave-mongers, who subvert justice by plunder, and whose hatred of free labor is proverbial. He goes with the south, and, of course, against the north. No man can be an necessary to slaveholding, or can for any cause tolerate the existence of slavery in our land, without being, instead of a 'firm friend,' the worst enemy 'of national industry.' Daniel Webster has betrayed the interests of the country, sold his birthright at a lower rate and on more humiliating conditions than did Esau of old, and interposed for the safety of that system of agriculture which suits the most fertile soil with barrenness, and entails misery and ruin upon the people by whom it is upheld. We marvel, therefore, that he should be complimented by Mr. Colman as one having a 'deep sense of the importance of the agricultural interest, and of an improved agriculture.' If Daniel Webster were indeed a wise man, (for his wisdom is of that kind which is mere foolishness with God, and with all those who clearly understand the true interests of man,)—if he loved his country or his race—if he did regard the polity gratification of his own selfish ambition to the sacrifice of all moral principle and benevolent action—he would not be found striking hands with thieves, or consenting with adulterers, or abetting those who are fastening chains upon the limbs of labor, or winking at the conduct of those who transform the human laborers of the soil into four-footed beasts and implements of husbandry.

FOURTH OF JULY. Every effort should be made, on the part of the moral and religious portion of the community, to renege the anniversary of our national independence from the dissipation and immorality which have too generally desecrated it. The foolish and dangerous custom of firing salutes would be much more honored in the breach than in the observance. It is full of sound and fury, signifying nothing! but a childish love of excitement. Every year, moreover, it is attended with disastrous consequences to the limbs and lives of multitudes. Let the day be observed in a rational manner; and whilst we are exalting in the spirit of freedom, let us not forget to sympathize with the millions who are held in slavery on our soil.

IRISH SYMPATHY. We acknowledge, with much pleasure, the receipt of £1 from James Haughton, of Dublin, in aid of the suffering widow of the lamented Lovejoy.

Slaves secured on board the schooner *Mormon*—Capt. Smith of the schooner *Mormon*, which left this port yesterday for Baltimore, when he got near the Balize, found a slave belonging to Mr. G. W. Pritchard, secured on board his vessel; and on investigation, he found on him a pair of pistols and a bowie knife stained with blood, and \$3000 in gold. He immediately turned back to Orleans and delivered the slave and money to his master. It has since been discovered that a Mr. John Lewis, who is now in the prison of the 3d Municipality, was the means of securing the slave on board the vessel. A warrant is about to be issued for the arrest of the slave, and a further investigation may explain by what means such an amount of money came in the possession of the negro, and why the arms were bloody.—N. O. Bulletin 25th inst.

Letter from James C. Jackson.

PATERBORO, June 15th, 1841.

DEAR GARRISON:

The chivalrous Mr. Davis, of Georgia, has found his way from Boston, the city of the Pilgrims, to Hamilton village in this (Madison) County, the seat of *Bygones*. I learned, through Mr. Smith, that he was invited to preach last Sabbath in the Chapel of the institution, and that last evening he held forth upon the sublime theme of slavery, and how deeply beloved of the Almighty, the 'domestic institution' had been in all ages. Had I been well, I should have attended his lecture, to hear his defence and justification of a system which outrages all man's instincts, and fills his soul with horror as he thinks of the possibility of testing its fruits in his own person. It is no matter of wonder to me that a man of talent and shrewdness should make a triumphant justification for the slaveholder to a northern audience, especially to one composed of the members and residents of a theological Seminary. What else has an audience of northern sectarian professors of religion to do, but to believe Mr. Davis, or be condemned for their indifference and coldness to their crushed brother in bonds? They must side with the slave or his tyrant. They know this: they choose the latter, because on his side there is power. O! what else should they do to be popular, and in good repute, but to laugh at the sufferings of abused humanity! How fallen are we as republicans and christians! Upon what a height might we have stood at sixty years of age, had we always been true to the teachings of Christianity and democracy! The world's history might have been searched in vain for so splendid an example of the 'right and the true.' With right principles before us, such as Athens and Rome knew not, we exceed them both in the brutal treatment we show to our fellow-creatures. Looked upon in the light of our admitted principles, it would seem (as you lately said) that the English language contains no words but what are *time*, when used to express the conduct of a professed christian man-stealer or his avowed apologist. The heart of the American people is rotten to the very core, and every day's development convinces me that we must deal with the heart, or we do work for naught.

It certainly betokens no great advance in a thorough embracement of our principles, that, in the tenth year of our agitation, Madison County can furnish audiences who will listen with great eagerness to a defence (drawn from the Bible) of southern slavery. Much of our opposition to slavery has nothing to do with *hated* slavery; and thus we see such constant frequent changes in the conduct of professed abolitionists—now zealous and effective, bearing down gallantly against slavery and all her allies—and anon, apathetic, or fainting by the way.

I am glad for two reasons that Mr. Davis has ventured among us.

1st. It will turn the attention of all of us to the religious bearings of the question. Mr. D. plants his arguments upon the bible. To the bible most abolitionists resort to meet him; and when you draw arguments from the bible for or against any cause, you lay aside appeals to the passions and interests of men: DOLLARS AND CENTS drop into the shade, and the great principles of eternal truth come into action, to bear down before them all that is an abomination or maketh a lie. Conscience rouses herself in such a struggle, and while you batter down the outside of the castle, she does her duty faithfully within. When the victory is gained, it is *gained forever*—the slavery is without conditions—Rescue, or no rescue! Now, this Georgian goes to God for his arguments; and as God is true he fails—for God is not and never was upon the side of the tyrant, the barterer in the blood of his own brethren. The comparative importance of the two influences in use among abolitionists is finely developed by this man's visit. How plainly he exhibits the fact, that slavery's strong hold is in the heart of the slaveholder, and that he looks upon his political-economic bearings as altogether secondary in their character. He does not deign to show that slavery is politically beneficial. His object is to demonstrate that it is *morally* right. Satisfy a northern audience of this fact, and you never can move them to political action, except from the base of motives—the *prosperity of office*; and such action is worthless, because insecure. If you meet such a man, you must go to somebody beside Adam Smith or Say. Arguments drawn from the social compact, the necessities and wants of men, the law of self-preservation, &c. all fail to overthrow him. He has laid his foundation elsewhere; he makes his drafts upon higher authority, he goes to that *law* to which all other laws must be in conformity, or they are valueless as evidence in the case; and from it, he adduces proof that slavery is the 'summa bonum' to southern society.

2d. I am glad, because Mr. D. is a friend of the Colonization Society, as I am informed; and every thing that shows the sympathy that there has always been between this Society and slavery is beneficial. Colonization still remains the bitter foe of the colored man, and is by no means inactive or powerless. I confess I was glad when I saw the movement in Boston, because I have always been very desirous that such men as Leonard Woods & Co. should define their position. You will find Colonization rampant in Massachusetts, in a year.

Gerrit Smith has been quite sick for some ten days. His health is quite feeble. Had he been well, and able to have spoken, it would have been pleasant to me, and many others, to have heard him reply to the Georgian; but he was unable to go from home, having a very severe affection of the lungs—probably the most severe he has ever had; and so the Georgian goes unanswered.

I perceive by the last Friend of Man, that he proposes to speak in Utica, and challenges discussion. If so, I trust he will meet with Beriah Green. I think he would find an opponent such as Roderick Dhu found in Fitz James. No man, as a speaker, can scorch, and scathe, and blister, like Beriah Green. If he would only meet Mr. Davis, and do him the same justice that he did the agent of the Colonization Society—Mr. Danforth—some seven years ago, I would be satisfied. Such a perfect rout you never saw. Danforth has never passed this way since. He dislikes Green worse than he does the 'niggers.'

So you had a good Convention at Boston. I was pleased with your account of it. C. C. Burleigh did you good service: he is capable of it. 'Old Essex' meets soon. I shall be with him in spirit. Noble men and women! Truth has sifted the chaff out. May she keep on sifting, till she leaves none among us who can compromise with slavery for gifts from a corrupt priesthood or depraved politicians.

Ever and faithfully yours,
J. C. JACKSON.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 20, 1841.

You will allow me to address you by the above endearing appellation, although it is some time since I have seen you 'face to face.' It is true that distance sometimes intervenes between congenial spirits, but principle will survive. I have not had the pleasure of perusing the columns of the Liberator every week since I left the 'Old Bay State'; yet have endeavored to keep the temperature of my thermometer at least up to *temperate* heat; and to do this amidst icebergs requires some little effort. There are a great many nominal abolitionists 'about these diggings,' but we have long since proved the truth of the old adage, that 'it is not all gold that glitters.' Abolitionism in the abstract has become so popular, that it has attracted abolition.

It is very common, I find, for many persons to say, 'I went with Garrison so long as I could,' when the facts in the case are, that they never went with him any farther than they could carry self-aggrandizement, and prejudice against color, partisan, sect-aggrandizement, and

various other considerations, with which they have bound themselves, and constituted a body-guard similar to an Egyptian mummy with his thousand and one bandages. They now think themselves impregnable; but, as birds always flutter when they are hit, I am inclined to think your dart would sometimes touch them under the fifth rib. I hope you will continue to fire low, for I find a great disposition on the part of your enemies to lodge—yes, as a member of the New-Hampshire Legislature expressed it, 'Spent a little.' This practice is so common among them, that one discharge will do good execution.

I saw a burlesque account of the anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, in the N. Y. Herald; and as that paper represented it as a meagre affair, I at once concluded that it must have been a large gathering—and as the report they gave of your speech was anything but favorable, I at once concluded that it must have been one of your happiest efforts.

There is one thing which has always appeared strange to me, and that is, that you should be allowed to advocate the cause of human rights! And it is amazing hard that those opposed cannot help themselves. I suppose they have come to the conclusion, that what cannot be cured, must be endured.

In this city, I find there is one copy of the Liberator taken, (by a colored man of course.) He informs me that himself, father, mother, and four brothers and sisters, were originally slaves. Two of them gave leg-bail for security, and the other five were purchased by Gen. Harrison, and immediately received their freedom. This colored man says he has taken your paper many years, and holds it dearer than his own life.

About a hundred U. S. soldiers have a rendezvous near our boarding-place, and it is really amusing to see one of their number armed cap-a-pie, marching in front of the door from morning till night. I told him, the other day, that I thought it must be, that those within were great cowards, if it required a guard to keep them from running away.

I never pretended to be much of a non-resistor; but, I must confess, I could not be very much tickled with a feather, or charmed with the sight of blood and carnage. I think, since people have had time to take the *sober second thought*, there is not quite so much fight-left in this vicinity. It is generally believed that McLeod will be released, and the responsibility thrown on the British Government. The doctrine of the age seems to be, that peace principles do not apply to individuals, but nations; and if we can get McLeod released, and thus throw off individual responsibility, we may hope for an amicable adjustment of our difficulties.

Q IN A CORNER.

ABINGTON, June 19, 1841.

FRIEND GARRISON: At a recent meeting of the Abington Anti-Slavery Society, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, many of the professed friends of the slave, in this vicinity, the past year, have been instrumental in promoting to the chief magistracy of these United States, one who gives practical evidence that he neither fears God nor regards the rights of man; therefore,

Resolved, That we can place but little confidence in their professions, until they show their willingness to sacrifice party politics and self-interest, to hasten the deliverance of the slave.

Resolved, That every true-hearted abolitionist will carry out the principles of anti-slavery, although they have to forsake their party politics and sectarian views—yes, father or mother, brother or sister, houses or lands—and count their own lives but dross, for the purpose of moving on in one unbroken phalanx for one common object.

Resolved, That the great body of the professed church and ministry of the northern States, by their open hostility to, or silence upon, anti-slavery, prove themselves to be lovers of popular applause, more than lovers of humanity—of self, more than of God! Resolved, That we believe the late attempts of those clergymen, who have been instrumental in re-establishing the Colonization Society, to perpetuate the system of slavery, and silence anti-slavery efforts in their churches.

Voted, That the above preamble and resolutions be forwarded to the Liberator for publication.

SAMUEL DYER, Sec'y.

WEST WRENTHAM, June 10th 1841.

A quarterly meeting of the West Wrentham Anti-Slavery Society was held June 7th, when the following resolutions, after being fully discussed, were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That slaveholding includes man-stealing, and is as much worse than horse-stealing, as a man's soul and body are of more consequence than a horse.

Resolved, That, as abolitionists, we rejoice in the acquittal of the Africans taken in the *Amistad*; which furnishes another evidence of the good effects of anti-slavery exertions, which, under God, have been the moving cause of this glorious result.

Resolved, That it now becomes abolitionists to contribute for those African sufferers, either to assist them to get an education, or furnish the means of conveying them safely to their homes.

Resolved, That it is not our duty to aid and assist those professedly pious and benevolent societies, which receive into their treasuries the price of blood, and elect as officers, slaveholders and those who traffic in slaves and souls of men.

ELIZA C. WARE, Sec'y.

Murder and Piracy.

The city of New-Orleans, on the 5th instant, was thrown into an extraordinary excitement by the following circumstances: The ship *Charles*, Capt. Goham, of Bath, Me., left New-Orleans on the 1st inst. for Bordeaux, with a cargo of lumber and staves, and with thirteen passengers, and a crew of thirteen men, making in all twenty-six persons. On the morning of the 4th, the master of the tow-boat *Tiger* discovered a ship about eighteen miles from a point called the Light House, and presuming from certain indications that she was in distress, he directed his vessel toward the place where she lay, and on boarding her, found her to be the *Charles*, with all her sails set, with the exception of the jib, which was cut loose. Not a soul was on board, and on examining the decks, spots of blood, having the appearance of being recently shed, were seen on the starboard side, together with several handspikes. A small pool of blood, flowing toward the scuppers, was visible on the larboard side, and on the outward part of the vessel traces of the like nature were apparent. The cabin presented a scene of confusion; not a vestige of clothing or luggage was found—even the bedding of the captain, crew, and passengers had disappeared. A few bottles which had contained porter, and the necks of which were knocked off, were found on the table.

The captain of the *Tiger*, after having ascertained the situation of the ship, put out to sea, and cruised about some five or six miles, in the hope of discovering some clue to the fate of the unfortunate passengers. At a distance of ten miles he picked up a boat belonging to the *Charles*, and containing a dog said to belong to one of the lady passengers. Finding nothing to clear up the mystery, he took the *Charles* in tow, and arrived at New Orleans on the morning of the 5th. Of course, these extraordinary circumstances gave rise to conjectures innumerable. Mutiny, piracy, and murder, were the ordinary topics of conversation for the day. The *Charles* was visited by thousands of people, anxious to gratify their curiosity. The general opinion appears to have been that the crew rose, murdered the captain and passengers, and escaped in one of the boats which was missing.

The city authorities, with promptitude, held a meeting on the receipt of this intelligence, and adopted vigorous measures for the discovery of some clue to the transaction. The steamer *Neptune*, a regular packet between New-Orleans and Texas, was chartered to cruise in the Gulf, and sixty able-bodied seamen were engaged as her crew. The *Charles* is an old vessel and probably not worth more than \$10,000, cargo and all. She will be libelled for salvage by the owners of the tow-boat. There were, it is presumed, about \$20,000 in specie on board, belonging to the passengers, of whose names the following is a list:—Don Juan Campa, a Spaniard; Joseph Bernier, a Frenchman, cooper; Nicholas Dabon, an Amer-

ican, or naturalized citizen; Robert Vessoron, from Paris; Madame widow Petit, and two young ladies, her daughters; P. Guibertson, a Frenchman, stock-maker; St. Hilary, a Frenchman; Madame Coville, dressmaker, with her two young children, girls, and Marie, her brother, a sail-maker.

EIGHT DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE. The steamer *Columbia*, Capt. Jenkins, arrived at Boston about 9 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, in the unprecedentedly short passage of twelve days and five hours from Liverpool. She brings papers from that city to the 4th inst., and London to the evening of the 3rd.

The most important news by this arrival, is the capture of the *Bogue Fort* and the city of Canton by the British forces. The cause of the re-commencement of hostilities has been the Emperor's refusal to ratify the treaty entered into at the Convention of the Chinese Commissioner, Keshan. The Canton Press says, that 'everything wears the appearance of a protracted war.'

This news from Canton advanced tens 25ad per lb.

The general appearance of the crops in Europe indicated favorable harvests.

The cotton market at Liverpool remained in a very dull state.

One of the Engineers of the *Acadia Drowned*—On Sunday evening, coroner Shute was called over to East Boston to hold an inquest on the body of Robert Simpson, one of the engineers of the *Acadia*. On Saturday night, about half-past twelve, he left the Maverick House alone, to go down to the steamer; but as he did not go on board, and was not seen during Sunday, it was supposed that he had come over to this city. On Sunday evening, however, a cap was seen in the dock, and then, for the first time, it was feared that Simpson had fallen overboard. The grappling hooks were then dragged round the dock, and the body of Simpson was brought up, by a single finger. From the state of his dress, he had probably stepped on the edge of the wharf for a purpose of nature. Verdict—accidentally drowned. He was quite a young man, and much respected by his companions. He was buried yesterday afternoon.—Boston Post.

By the census of 1840, ascertained at the Department of State, the number of insane and idiotic reported in the United States, is 18,181; the population is 17,013,379, which gives one insane person to 990 inhabitants.

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING AND FAIR.

The Worcester County South Division Anti-Slavery Society will hold a Quarterly Meeting at Millbury on Monday, the 5th of July next, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M. The friends of immediate emancipation in all parts of the county and elsewhere, are invited to attend this meeting.

The Millbury Female Anti-Slavery Society will hold a Fair for the sale of useful and fancy articles of various kinds on the same day, the proceeds of which will be given to the Massachusetts and American Anti-Slavery Societies.

Per order of the Society,
MARGARETTA L. KELLEY, Rec. Sec.

June 25, 1841.

PLYMOUTH COUNTY.

The annual meeting of the Plymouth Co. Anti-Slavery Society will be held at Plymouth, on Wednesday, July 10th, 1841, in the meeting-house. Rev. Mr. Parkman, of Dover, N. H. will deliver the annual address. The meeting of the Society will be opened at 10 o'clock, A. M. and the Executive Committee are requested to meet one hour previous at the same place. The interests of the cause now more than at any former period, demand that there should be a full delegation from every town in the county, of faithful abolitionists.

WM. T. BRIGGS, Secretary.

BOSTON VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

Communications for the Secretary may be left at 25 Cornhill, or 32 Washington-Street.

Donations received by the Treasurer, J. Southwick, 14 Blackstone-Street, or the Secretary, Chestnut-Street, near Braintree's Baths.

CHARLES T. TORREY, Sec'y.

June 18.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 16th inst. by Rev. G. H. Black, Mr. Adrastus L. Peasey to Miss Henrietta Peattie.

Donations received by the Treasurer, J. Southwick, 14 Blackstone-Street, or the Secretary, Chestnut-Street, near Braintree's Baths.

CHARLES T. TORREY, Sec'y.

June 18.

DIED.—In Lynn, May 17th, Ruth Ann Estes, aged 26 years.

As a bird to its sheltering nest,
When storms on the hills are abroad,
So her spirit has flown from this world of unrest,
To repose in the bosom of God!

Where the sorrows of earth never more
May fling o'er its brightness a stain;
Where, in rapture and love, it shall ever adore,
With a gladness unmingled with pain;

And its thirst shall be slaked by the waters which spring
Like a river of light, from the throne of the King.

In the dispensation of an all-wise Providence, the affectionate daughter, the kind sister, the friend of the boundmen, has passed the dark portals of the tomb. Here were earth's radiant hopes—earth's golden ties were hers. One little moon—lo! all broken, blighted, dead, 'Dust unto dust, the spirit unto God that gave it.'

So late we waited for thy steps,
To catch thy notes so bland,
To look upon thy cheerful brow,
To clasp thy healthful hand;

That even now upon our ear,
Seemeth to come thy call,
With a strange expectancy,
Thy footsteps seem to fall.

But, O! we trust in Christ's great name,
Thou art amid the throng,
Where angels and cherubim chant
The sweet seraphic song:

How long, O Lord, hily and true,
Shall sighs rise to thy throne?

How long, O Thou, Anointed of Days,
Shall earth's poor captives mourn?

POETRY

From the New-York American.

HUE AND CRY AFTER A LOST DAMSEL.

HALLO! a lovely truant maid is missing from her home;
We watch for her from day to day, and yet she will not come.
'Tis fit we should, through all the earth, our grievous loss proclaim,
And push to remotest lands, the truant damsel's name.

HALLO! we must describe the garb in which she was arrayed;
When last she bled our longing eyes, that young and blooming maid,
Her robe was of the radiant bow to which the clouds give birth.

When gentle showers have fertilized the freshly verdant earth—
The sun-beams wreathed around her brow a diadem so bright,
That Nature wore a dewy veil to spare the gazer's sight.

Where'er she passed, beneath her feet a thousand flowers sprang,
And at her voice, responsively, the birds their matins sang—
The wood-pigeon cooed her plaintive note, the whistling waters played,

The balmy air breathed cheerily—the winter winds were stayed.

HALLO! for Nature's favor'd child, how will she bear the shock?
The missing of this lovely maid—the youngest of the flock!
The mother's smiles are quenched in tears—all pale and when she grieves,

No teeming blossoms deck her brow, half hid in sheltering leaves—
Her beauteous hands no boons dispense of perfume-breathing flowers—
A pallid snow-drop, here and there, in rickly beauty cowers.

HALLO! the maid, perchance, has slept—she cannot leave our land—
We pine without the blessed gifts she scatters from her hand.
No promised plenty clothes the earth—the husbandman complains—

His scattering seeds are blasted by the chilled dews and rains.
Where'er we cast our anxious eyes, the earth is brown and bare,
Nor have we felt, through tedious weeks, the balmy, vernal air.

HALLO!—yet stay, we shall not miss that truant maiden long;
Bright Summer comes to fill her place—she comes with mirth and song;
Yet never can our hearts consent—Oh! no, we cannot bring

Our constant hearts to yield for aye that blessed creature, Spring.

From an English Paper.

THE PRESIDENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ECCLESIAST." Speak! for thou hast a voice, perpetual Sea!

Lift up thy surges with some signal word,
Show where the pilgrims of the waters bled,
For whom a nation's thrilling heart is stirred.

Down to thy waves they went in joyous pride,
They trod with steadfast feet thy billowy way;
The eyes of wondering men beheld them glide
Swift in the arrowy distance—where are they?

Didst thou arise upon that mighty frame,
Mad that the strength of man with thee should strive,
And proud thy rival element to tame,
Didst swallow them in conscious depths alive?

Or, shorn and powerless, hast thou bade them lie
Their stately ship, a carcass of the foam?
Where still they watch the ocean and the sky,
And fondly dream that they have yet a home?

Doth hope still soothe their souls, or gladness thrill?
In peace amid the wanderers of the foam?
Say, is the old affection yearning still
With all the blessed memories of home?

Or is it over? Life, and breath, and thought,
The living feeling and the breathing form,
Is the strong man become a thing of nought,
And the rich blood of rank no longer warm?

Thou answerest not, thou sterna and haughty Sea,
There is no sound in earth, or wave, or air.
Roll on, ye tears! Oh, what can comfort be
To hearts that pant for hope, but breathe despair?

Nay, mourner, there is sunlight on the deep,
A gentle rainbow on the darkling cloud;
A voice, more mighty than the floods, will sweep
The shore of tempests when the storm is loud!

What, tho' they woke the whirlwinds of the West,
Or roused the tempest from his Eastern lair,
Or claved the cloud with thunder in its breast,
Lord of the awful waters, thou wert there!

All-merciful! the fate—the day—were thine;
Thou didst receive them from the seething sea;
Thy love too deep, Thy mercy too divine,
To trench them in an hour unworthy Thine.

If storms were mighty, Thou wert in the gale!
If fiercer failed them, in Thy paths they trod;
Man cannot urge the bark, or guide the sail,
Or force the quivering helm, away from God!

REFORMED DRUNKARD'S HYMN.

Oh! our steps have been astray,
Reeling on the drunkard's way,
Spreading ruin as we went, and death,
Muttering curses with each breath,

Robbing wives of daily bread,
Making children heirs and dead.
Wives no more shall spend the night
Weeping, trembling till the light,

Nerving children vainly plead,
Never more for bread they need,
Ne'er again shall tempting wine
Rob of Reason's light divine.

By the truth that shines around,
By the chains that each have bound,
By the wine-cup's maddening flow,
By the wails of heart-wrung woe,
Plead we here as sober men,
Ne'er will we drink again.

God of mercy! Be thou near,
While these vows are spoken here;
Shield the victor! guard and guide,
Where the lurking tempters hide;
Man can strive, but Thou alone,
Must the final conquest own.

THE HISTORY OF A LIFE.

Day dawned. Within a curtained room,
Filled, to faintness, with perfume,
A lady lay, at point of doom.

Day closed. A child had been the light;
But for the lady, fair and bright,
She rested in undreaming night!

Spring came. The lady's grave was green;
And, near it, oftentimes was seen
A gentle boy, with thoughtful mien.

Years fled. He wore a manly face,
And struggled in the world's rough race,
And won, at last, a lofty place.

And then—died!—Behold before ye,
Humanity's poor sad story;
Life,—Death,—and (all that is of) Glory.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Epistolary Correspondence.

The following copies of letters, addressed to two of our anti-slavery friends at Nantucket, having been put into our hands, we venture to give them an insertion in the columns of the Liberator, feeling assured that none of the parties will object to the liberty we take. We have felt in some degree authorized to do so, because the amiable, modest and worthy author of these letters (himself a minister, but no bigot, hireling or time-server), was among the number whose names were appended to the call for the Sabbath, Anti-Slavery and Church Convention, and it is simply an act of justice to him to allow his own views on these points to be stated in his own language.—Ed. Lib.

DENNIS, March 25, 1841.

DEAR FRIEND:
My sister has transmitted to me a copy of the kind letter, which, in the name of the Committee of the Fair at Nantucket, you addressed to me. You and my anti-slavery friends, rightly judged, that an expression of sympathy and approbation on your part would be thankfully received by me. I value it, though my conscience reminds me that it ought to have been better deserved. I have indeed endeavored to be faithful. I have meant to be emancipated from the fear of man. But he has a little of himself, or of the world, or of the ministerial office, who can believe it to be a very feasible thing for a minister to be at once faithful and unshackled.

It is a fact that the world does not now receive unwelcome truth with any better grace than it ever did. It does not pay its teachers to speak to them such truths. It pays them to stand up, and while they condemn some sins, to justify, in the name of God and of Christ, such sins as it is not prepared to part with. It pays them to manufacture an atmosphere of darkness, amidst which those sins shall not be seen to be sins. It pays them, in fine, to compound for sins it is inclined to.

By doing thus it has no mind to. Of course, neither minister nor people are distinctly aware of such a compact. They would each spurn the idea. Yet it is an unquestionable fact that the minister finds himself limited by precisely such an understanding on the part of the people. He finds that, though, in terms, he is placed to speak as an ambassador for Christ, and is charged to declare the whole counsel of God, there is yet an understanding, both on the part of his brethren in the ministry, and of the people whom it is his business to address, that certain portions of his instructions as an ambassador, he is to suppress or pervert; that his chief and paramount aim must be to keep the people to whom he is sent, pleased, united, strong and increasing in numbers and wealth; that, to secure this primary object, he is to maintain a prudent silence on any subject, rather than offend one that pays well; even if he should be a champion of evil in spirit or in character, he must be conciliated and retained to the society, by suppressing or perverting the truth that would irritate and drive him off.

The shackles imposed by this state of things are to some ministers very galling; by others they are scarcely felt. Where the minister himself, as is often the case, is the chief culprit, the shackles around him, there will be nothing to remind him of shackles or constraint, and nothing to disturb the self-complacency in which he and his people may wall themselves to sleep over all the great questions of reform, or which is the same thing, of practical Christianity. But to those conscientious, truth-loving and truth-speaking ministers, a very different lot is appointed. Very few are the religious societies in this land, in which the minister may speak out the honest convictions of his soul on all subjects as God shall give him light; very few, especially, in which he may lay open with frankness, simplicity and earnestness, the public sins, the foul moral gangrenes now festering upon the body of this self-satisfied and vain-glorious nation; and in those societies there are not to be found, I will venture to say, many rich men, nor learned men, nor men of business, nor politicians; very insignificant, in the world's eyes, must such societies be.

The truth is, the christian ministry, as at present existing, with some honorable exceptions, is at a poor and worthless instrumentality in regenerating the world. The ministry itself needs regenerating; and that it may be found to be so, it must be equivalent to saying that it needs abolishing. Certainly it is equivalent to saying that many things, closely, if not vitally connected with it, need to be abolished. All craft, guile and hypocrisy must be purged out of it. The honest, simple, conscientious, corrupt public sentiment, must be taken away from it. The subtle spirit of sectarianism and of domination must be excoriated. The love of love, the thirst for popularity, the dread of some great man's disfavor, the aversion to be turned out of a snug society—all these must be overcome in the bosom of the ministry. Can the minister, as you do, the Irish character, as lately developed under Mr. O'Connell and Father Mathew, especially under the latter. A thousand times have I said, God bless the generous hearts of the Irish! I could almost throw up my hands and give up the cause, and go and live with them, where they take hold of the Temperance cause, God will bless such a people as that, if they only persevere. What a mighty awakening, redeeming power will go forth under the influence of O'Connell and Father Mathew, from regenerated, disenthralled and to all other nations! From the very bowels of Popery too! Verily, we see strange things in our day.

You ask me what I think of the idea of the Fraternal Communion. Knowing, as I do, the men who have projected it, and the simplicity and guilelessness, as I believe, of their hearts, I may well say that I have no objection to it, in principle, and that I can in any enterprise, that has not been actually carried into operation. The object is to reach palpable evils, in the very structure of society. That the reform is needed cannot be denied. The only question is, 'Is the measure feasible, and will it do good?' The principles, as stated, are thoroughly christian, in my estimation; (I demand a little indeed at a creed or covenant), but how it will work in practice, I must wait for time to show. On one account, I certainly look towards it with hope and joy; for where there is a healthy post, is now quite sickly. At Fort King, where are stationed four companies of 24 infantry, there are over one hundred and six reported sick. Forts McComb and Fanning are also reported very sickly.—Savannah Republican.

Russia is again in earnest for the next campaign in Circassia. 45,000 men and 60 pieces of cannon are on route. An immense war train, and is destined to operate principally against the noble Schami and the Tschetshens, beginning with the siege of Chekesi, a place deemed by the natives invulnerable. General Gribble is at the head of the Russian army, directed operations on the line of the Kouban, and Generala Aurep and Raiefsky are to act in Greater Abasia.

Suspicious. A letter received here to-day, dated Mobile, June 7th, states the ship Charles Gorham, of Bath, Me. from New-Orleans for Bordeaux, was fallen in with the schooner 'The Vigilant' in the Gulf of Mexico, and was boarded by two of her boats. One of them was picked up about 10 miles from the ship, with marks of blood in her. It is said that she had been on board when she left. She cleared on the 31st ult.—N. Y. Paper.

Duel. Letters from New-Orleans, received this morning, state that Mr. Samuel Wright, well known in this city as a merchant, formerly of the house of Magie and Wright, residing at Savannah, Georgia, had been killed in a duel with a Mr. O'Kie. It is said that the duel was caused by certain articles published in a Virginia paper, attacking the credit and standing of some mercantile house of good reputation, and that these articles were furnished by Mr. Wright.—Times and Star.

Extraordinary Escape. A man in Lynfield on Monday last, while blasting rocks, had a narrow escape for his life. He was sitting in the usual manner on the rock, with his legs extended, and hands on his chest, gave all up as lost, and as his heart seemed to dictate within them, commenced their return. The line was stretched to include a survey of the greatest possible ground: not a bush or tree, where it was possible for a child to be concealed, within the limits of the line, was passed without diligent search. Those at the extremities of the line tasked themselves to the utmost in examining the woods beyond the lines. They had travelled for some time, when, at the farthest point of vision, the man on the flank started, he saw a bush, and he hid himself in it. He hesitated. Was it his life or his reputation? He gazed a moment. The bush bent again; and the head of the little wanderer was seen. He rushed forward, and found the little girl seated upon a log, and breaking the twigs she had plucked from the bush, which she was using for a cover. She did not appear to be frightened; said she had lain in the woods three nights, and had not seen or heard any wild beasts, and that she thought she should get to Mr. Howard's for the four before night! At first she did not appear hungry or weak, but after eating a piece of bread, her cries for more were very piteous. She was found about three miles from where she entered the woods. Her clothing was very thin, and the large shawl she had on when she left home, she had carefully folded and placed in the pillow case, not even putting it over her during the night, as she innocently said, 'to keep from dirtying the shawl.' She was now as well and happy as the other children.

Truly yours,
ROBERT F. WALLCUT.

George Bradburn.
From the Bangor Whig.

A Child Lost in the Woods.
A daughter of Mr. David W. Boobar of Linneus, in Aroostook county, on the morning of the 4th inst. was sent by her mother to a neighbor's house, half a mile distant, to borrow a little flour for bread.

The girl is only nine years of age, and in going through the woods, lost her way. The next morning about 40 of the neighbors collected and went in pursuit, but returned without any tidings of the child. The next day the company was increased to sixty persons, and they continued their search, but without success. On the following day, between two and three hundred of the settlers assembled early in the morning, their hearts swelling with sympathy, and all eager to restore the little wanderer to the arms of their despairing parents.

The company set out for a thorough and last search. The child had been in the woods three days and three nights, and many hearts were sunk in despondency at the utter hopelessness of finding it alive. But to learn its fate or restore it, was the indomitable purpose of each. Half the day had been expended in entering the woods, and it was time to turn back, but who could think of doing so while an innocent child might be wandering but a few rods in advance? On the company pushed, still deeper into the dense woods. The sun had reached the meridian, and was dipping down towards the West. It seemed now to loom farthest, and slowly and heavily those stout-hearted men brushed a thicket from their cheeks, gave all up as lost, and as their hearts seemed to dictate within them, commenced their return. The line was stretched to include a survey of the greatest possible ground: not a bush or tree, where it was possible for a child to be concealed, within the limits of the line, was passed without diligent search. Those at the extremities of the line tasked themselves to the utmost in examining the woods beyond the lines. They had travelled for some time, when, at the farthest point of vision, the man on the flank started, he saw a bush, and he hid himself in it. He hesitated. Was it his life or his reputation? He gazed a moment. The bush bent again; and the head of the little wanderer was seen. He rushed forward, and found the little girl seated upon a log, and breaking the twigs she had plucked from the bush, which she was using for a cover. She did not appear to be frightened; said she had lain in the woods three nights, and had not seen or heard any wild beasts, and that she thought she should get to Mr. Howard's for the four before night! At first she did not appear hungry or weak, but after eating a piece of bread, her cries for more were very piteous. She was found about three miles from where she entered the woods. Her clothing was very thin, and the large shawl she had on when she left home, she had carefully folded and placed in the pillow case, not even putting it over her during the night, as she innocently said, 'to keep from dirtying the shawl.' She was now as well and happy as the other children.

Except his letter in the Liberator, in support of the nomination of Gen. Harrison to the Presidency, which Mr. W. did not send about three months since. I referring to two notorious new organizations.

seen sectarianism foam so at the mouth before;—but probably, ere the demon shall be wholly ejected, we may see it exhibiting still worse manifestations. No matter, so that it be cast out.

A word or two in reference to the great subjects before the Convention at Nantucket. The Sabbath proper, which I regard as a purely Jewish institution, which has no more obligation upon Christians than the passover, or any thing else purely Jewish, but a day set apart for worship, the ministry, and the church. [Forgive me, my dear Sir—I was not at the Convention, and could not have spoken if I had been. I have you at my mercy—the temptation is great; you must endure for a while.] In regard to all the three topics, I think, we may say that Jesus did, referring to the Jewish Sabbath; they were made for man, not man for them. They were called for by the wants of men when they were introduced. When the wants of men no longer shall call for them, or shall call for something better, they must needs give place. The question of the use or disuse of these or any other things outward and ceremonial in religion, Jesus, I doubt not, intended to be left to the decision of man in every age, whom the spirit of truth should make free. There is, I believe, a discretion reposed in every individual, a duty, I should rather say, enjoined, to modify or lay aside the external things of religion, just as he finds will best answer his spiritual wants; and he may claim, as Paul did, that no man judge him in respect to the independence of his mind in such matters. The ministry and the church, while they promote spiritual good in the world, while they faithfully carry out Christianity, will be felt to be valuable and needed institutions, and entitled to respect and support. When they shall fail to promote spiritual good in the world, especially when they shall become engines of temptation upon the rights of men; when, however good in their inception, and however demanded at first by men's spiritual wants, they shall have at length become so altered, so corrupt, so vile as to stand up, opposers of reform, supporters of spiritual tyranny, in spirit or in character, he must be placed to speak as an ambassador for Christ, and is charged to declare the whole counsel of God, there is yet an understanding, both on the part of his brethren in the ministry, and of the people whom it is his business to address, that certain portions of his instructions as an ambassador, he is to suppress or pervert; that his chief and paramount aim must be to keep the people to whom he is sent, pleased, united, strong and increasing in numbers and wealth; that, to secure this primary object, he is to maintain a prudent silence on any subject, rather than offend one that pays well; even if he should be a champion of evil in spirit or in character, he must be conciliated and retained to the society, by suppressing or perverting the truth that would irritate and drive him off.

The shackles imposed by this state of things are to some ministers very galling; by others they are scarcely felt. Where the minister himself, as is often the case, is the chief culprit, the shackles around him, there will be nothing to remind him of shackles or constraint, and nothing to disturb the self-complacency in which he and his people may wall themselves to sleep over all the great questions of reform, or which is the same thing, of practical Christianity. But to those conscientious, truth-loving and truth-speaking ministers, a very different lot is appointed. Very few are the religious societies in this land, in which the minister may speak out the honest convictions of his soul on all subjects as God shall give him light; very few, especially, in which he may lay open with frankness, simplicity and earnestness, the public sins, the foul moral gangrenes now festering upon the body of this self-satisfied and vain-glorious nation; and in those societies there are not to be found, I will venture to say, many rich men, nor learned men, nor men of business, nor politicians; very insignificant, in the world's eyes, must such societies be.

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